



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





HARVARD  
COLLEGE  
LIBRARY





Presented to the Harvard College Lib  
by the Club of Odd Volumes  
Boston Mass.

Feb'y 5. 1896.









0





O





III.

EARLY AMERICAN POETRY

---

A POEM AND AN ELEGY

BY COTTON MATHER

*One Hundred Copies printed on Hand-made Paper.*

No. *87*.....

*Anal. Elegy*

III.

EARLY AMERICAN POETRY

⊙

---

A POEM AND AN ELEGY

BY

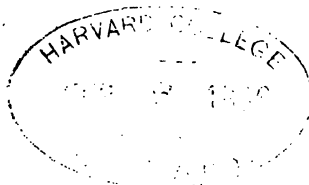
COTTON MATHER



BOSTON  
THE CLUB OF ODD VOLUMES  
1896



~~AL 36.51.1.3 \*~~  
AL 36.51.3.2



*The Club.*

*Copyright, 1896,*  
BY THE CLUB OF ODD VOLUMES.

**University Press :**  
JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE, U.S.A.

## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
PREFACE ( <i>James F. Hunnewell</i> ) . . . . .	9
POEM ON MR. URIAN OAKES . . . . .	15
ELEGY ON MR. NATHANAEL COLLINS . . . . .	35





## TWO POEMS BY THE REVEREND COTTON MATHER.

COTTON MATHER was not only one of the most distinguished men in his own time and place, but he remains known as one of the most prominent among the earlier American authors. Grandson of Richard, a well known minister; son of Increase, who was more eminent; born February 12, 1663, in Boston; graduate of Harvard in 1678,—he had a busy life of sixty-five years, throughout all of it maintaining high position in his native land.

Exceptionally endowed, learned, and industrious, interested in many subjects, and with a wide acquaintance, he became the most voluminous writer in the Provincial period. Theologian, memorialist, historian, he also essayed, in his earlier years, to be a poet. Among his published

works, numbering nearly four hundred, two are in verse. While all have become scarce or rare, these two may be considered unique, for no other copies are known. In the present series of the earliest and rarest American poems it seemed very desirable that they should be reproduced. They were owned by the late George Brinley, of Hartford, and when Part I. of his library was sold in 1879, they were bought by the late C. Fiske Harris for his probably unrivalled collection of American poetry, now belonging to Brown University in Providence. The writer, through the kindness of his friend, Reuben A. Guild, LL.D., librarian emeritus, and the courtesy of the librarian and authorities, was enabled to procure written copies. These were very carefully made by an expert, Miss Georgiana Guild, who has also read the printer's proofs from the originals, so that they are accurately shown here, page for page, and line for line, in their pristine incorrectness of type and peculiarity of composition.

Whatever may be thought of their literary or other value, or lack of it, they show the very

early work of their author, and what at their date and birthplace was supposed to be fit offering to the Muses and tribute to the honored dead. No works could now be rarer, few more curious—or harder to read. Like some of the stones in our old burial-grounds, they should be preserved and made more widely known for just what they are, since they are among the few monuments dating from the spring-time and planting of a great nation.

When aged only twenty-two, Cotton Mather became a colleague with his father in the North Church, Boston, and he died its senior pastor. Through his pastorate of more than forty years his labor and influence were notable in all the phases of life and thought. Like other men of marked individuality and of prominence, he has been a subject of opinions diverse and even partisan. One fact, however, is notable: the works of scarcely an author in our language since Shakespeare are now sought with more zeal, or at higher prices. To the collector he has a special interest, for he was himself a collector, as well as scholar. He added much

to a family library that was one of the three best in Provincial New England, and that was inherited and long kept by his son. Many hundreds of its volumes are still preserved by the American Antiquarian Society; more of them have had a fate mysterious or unknown.

The two works reproduced in this volume commemorate two ministers who were in their time prominent in New England.

The Reverend Urian Oakes, who was born in England in 1631, came to America in 1634, and graduated at Harvard in 1649. He returned to England, where he was a preacher, and was silenced in 1662. Again he came to America, and began pastoral labor in the church at Cambridge, November, 1671, where he was installed February 3, 1680. From April, 1675 to 1679, he superintended Harvard College, and then was its president until his death in Cambridge, July 25, 1681. Cotton Mather thought that he was a "faithful, learned, and indefatigable" president, and Quincy (I. 38), nearly two centuries later, had the same opinion. He was also a poet, and a better one than Mather. His Elegy

on Shepard far surpasses the works in this volume, and, it is proposed, will be reproduced in the fourth of the present series.

The Reverend Nathaniel Collins was born in Cambridge, March 7, 1641-2, and graduated at Harvard, 1660. In 1668, at Middletown, Connecticut, he was ordained the first minister of a church with "ten male members including himself." The meeting-house was "twenty feet square, ten feet from sill to plate, and . . . enclosed with palisades for a safeguard against the Indians." (Sibley, II. 58.) He died December 28, 1684. One of his sons, John, married Mary, a daughter of the regicide Dixwell; another, Nathaniel, was the first minister of Enfield, Connecticut. (Allen, 250.)

JAS. F. HUNNEWELL.





A POEM

*Dedicated to the Memory*  
OF

The Reverend and Excellent

Mr. *URIAN OAKES*,

the late Pastor to Christ's Flock,  
and President of Harvard-Colledge,

*in Cambridge,*

Who was gathered to his People on 25<sup>th</sup> mo 1681.  
In the fiftyth Year of his Age.

*1 Sam. 25. 1. And SAMUEL dyed, and all  
the Israelites were gathered together, and Lamented  
him.*

*Scinduntur Vestes, Gemmae franguntur, et Aurum;  
Carmina quam tribuunt Fama perennis erit OVID.*

*Magna dabit qui magna potest; mihi parva potenti  
Parvaq; polcenti, parva dedisse sat est.*

*BOSTON IN NEW-ENGLAND,  
Printed for John Ratcliff. 1682.*



## TO THE R E A D E R

**W**Orthies to Praise is a Praise-worthy thing ;  
Christ did it ; and will do it ! And to Sing  
The Elogyes of Saints departed in  
The Rhythm of Elegyes, has alwayes been  
Esteemed Reason ! David bids me go  
My Christian Reader ! and like him do so.

Cotton *Embalms* great Hooker ; Norton *Him* ;  
And Norton's *Herse* do's Poet-Wilson *trim*  
With Verses : Mitchel writes a Poem on  
The Death of Wilson ; and when Mitchel's gone,  
Shepard with fun'ral Lamentations gives  
Honour to Him : and at his Death receives  
The like from the [like-Marco] *Lofty Strain*  
Of admirable Oakes ! I should be vain  
To thrust into that gallant Chorus : *Pride*  
Ne'er made mee such an Icharus : I cry'd  
Of good Exemples [Ahimaaz his Thought]  
How if I should run after them ? And brought  
These as a Pattern, and a Plea for what  
I do ; that my cros's Reader blame me not.

But why so late ? my Nænia's some will deem  
Both out of Time, and Tune ! To some I seem  
Grief's Resurrection to essay ; and bee  
Just like the Trojans who came late to see

A2 And

## To the Reader .

*And sorrow with Tiberius!— Only this  
Shall be Reply'd! The fond Bookfeller is  
Now guilty of this Paper's ravishment  
When long suppress: Give him thy Discontent!*  
*BOSTON.* *Since Oakes (as Homer) has all Places Claim;*  
*Anagr. Let Boston too forget its Anagram!*  
*SOB NOT.*

---

*Memoirs*

---

*Memoirs*  
of the Life and Worth :  
*Lamentations*  
for the Death, and Loss  
of  
the every way admirable  
Mr. *URIAN OAKES*.

WEep with me, Reader! Never *Poet* had  
His Quill employ'd upon a *Theme* so sad  
As what just Providence (Grief *grumble* not)  
Do's with black *Warrant Press* mee to! O what?  
This! *OAKES is dead!* One of the bittrest *Pills*  
(Compounded of *three Monosyllables*)  
That could have been dispensed! *Abfalom*  
Sure felt not more *Distress, Death, Danger*, come  
With the *three Darts* of *Joab!* — — —  
Blest *Shade!* an *Universal Tax* of Sorrow  
Thy Country owes thee! Ah! we need not borrow  
The *Præfca's*: Say, *Oakes is dead!* and there!  
There is enough to squeeze a briny Tear  
From the most flinty *Flint*: Once at the *Blow*  
Of *Moses*, from a *Rock* a *Stream* did flow;  
But look! th' *Almighty's Rod* now smites us home  
Oh! what *Man* won't a *Mourner* now become?

Dear

Dear Saint! I cannot but thy Herse bedew  
 With dropping of some *Fun'ral Tears!* I Rue  
 Thy Death! I must, *My Father! Father!* say,  
*Our Chariots and our Horsemen where are they?*  
 I the *dumb Son* of *Cræsus* 'fore mine Eyes  
 Have sett, and will *cry* when my *Father* dyes.  
 Oh! but a *Verse* to wait upon thy Grave,  
 A *Verse* our *Custome*, and thy *Friends* will have:  
 And must I *brue* my Tears? ah! shall I *fetter*  
 My Grief, by studying for to *mourn* in *Metre*?  
 Must too my *cloudy Sorrows* *rain* in *Tune*,  
 Distilling like the softly Showrs of *June*?  
 Alas! My *Ephialtes* takes me! See't!  
 I strive to *run*, but then I want my *feet*.  
 What shall I do? Shall I go invoke  
 The *Muses* to mine aid? No; That I hate!  
 The sweet *New-England-Poet* rightly said,  
 It is a most *Unchristian Use and Trade*  
 Of some that *Christians* would be thought. If I  
 Call'd Help, the *Muses* mother *Memory*  
 Would be enough: He that *Remembers* well  
 The *Use* and *Lofs* of *Oakes*, will grieve his fill.  
 I h'd rather pray, that Hee, in whose just *Eyes*  
 The *Death* of his dear *Saints* most *preciose* is,  
 And Hee who helped *David* to bewail  
 His *Jon'than*, would not my Endeavours fail.  
 A sprightly *Effort* of *Poetick Fire*  
 Would e'en Transport mee to a mad Desire:  
 How could I wish, Oh! that the nimble *Sun*  
 Of thy short Life before thy Day was done

Might

Mr. M. Wig-  
 glefworth in  
 Pref. to D. D.

Might *backward Ten Degrees* have moved! or  
 Oh! that thy *Corps* might but have chanced for  
 To have been buried near *Elisha's bones*!  
 Oh! that the Hand which rais'd the *Widows Son*,  
 Would give thee to thy Friends again! But, Fy!  
 That *Passion's* vain! To sob, *Why didst thou dy?*  
 Is but an *Irish Note*: Death won't Restore  
 His *Stolen Goods* till Time shall be no more.

Shall I take what a *Prologue Homer* hath  
*Lett mee Relate the Heavenly Powers wrath?*  
 Or shall I rather join with *Jeremie*,  
 And o're our great and good *Josiah* sigh,  
*O that my Head were waters, and mine Eyes*  
*A fountain were, that Hadadrimmon's Cryes*  
*Might bubble from mee! O that Day and Night*  
*For the Slain of my People weep I might!*  
 Ah! why delay I? Reader, step with mee,  
 And what is for thee on *Grief's Table* see  
*Memoria Præteritorum* is

*Müvü, &c.*

The *Dish* I call thee to: Come taste of this.  
*Oakes vvas!* Ah! miserable word! But what  
*Hee vvas*, Let Never, Never be forgot.  
 Beleeve mee once, It were a worthy thing  
 Of 's *Life* and *Worth* a large Account to bring  
 To publick *View*, for general *Benefit*.  
 I would essay (with Leave, Good Reader) it,  
 So far as *feet* will carry mee; but know it  
 From first to last, *Grief never made good Poet*.  
 Hee that *lasht* with a Rod could *versify*,  
 Attain'd, and could pretend far more than I!

*Ovid.*

*Short*



*Short* was thy *Life*! Sweet Saint! & quickly run  
 Thy *Race*! Thy Work was, oh! how quickly done!  
 Thy *Dayes* were (*David's measure*) but a *Span*;  
*Five Tens* of Years roll'd since thy *Life* began.  
 Thus I remember a *Greek Poet* Rhimes,  
*They whom God Loves are wont to dy betimes.*  
 Thus *Whit'ker, Perkins, Preston*, Men of Note,  
 Ay! many such, Never to *fifty* got.  
 And thus (*Rachel* New-England!) many Seers  
 Have left us in the *akme* of their Years.  
 Good Soul! Thy *Jesus* who did for thee *dy*,  
 In Heaven longed for thy *Company*.

*Non Annis,  
 sed Factis vi-  
 vunt mortales.*

And let thy *Life* be measur'd by thy *Deeds*,  
 Not by thy *Tears*; Thy *Age* strait nothing needs.  
 Divert, My Pen! Run through the *Zodiac*  
 Of *Oakes* his *Life*: And cause I knowledge lack  
 Of most Occurrents, let mee now and then  
 Snatch at a Passage worthy of a Pen.

Our Mother *England*, ev'n a *Village* there  
 (*Fuller*, insert it!) did this *Worthy* bear.  
 Over the *Ocean* in his *Infancy*  
 His Friends with him into *New-England* fly:  
 Here, while a lad, almost a *miracle*  
 (As I have heard his Aged Father tell)  
 Sav'd him from *drowning* in a River: Hee  
 Would (gues's) a *Miracle* and *Moses* bee.  
 Now did *Sweet Nature* in him so appear  
 A *Gentlewoman* once cry'd out, *If ere*  
*Good Nature could bring unto Heaven, then*  
*Those wings would thither carry Urian.*

Prompt

Prompt *Parts*, and early *Piety* now made  
 Men say of him, what once observers said  
 Of great *John Baptist*, and of *Ambrose* too,  
*To what an one will this strange Infant grow?*  
 Her *Light* and *Cup* did happy *Harvard* give  
 Unto him; and from her he did receive  
 His *Two Degrees*: (A *double Honour* to  
 Thee (*Harvard!* *Own it!*) did by this accrue!)  
 So being furnisht with due burnisht *Tools*  
 The *Armour* and the *Treasure* of the *Schools*,  
 To *Temple-work* he goes: I need not tell  
 How he an *Hiram*, or *Bezaleel*  
 Did there approve himself; I 'le only add  
*Roxbury* his *first-fruits* (*first Sermon*) had.

Some things invite: Hee back to *England* goes;  
 With God and Man hee there in favour growes;  
 But whilst he lives in that Land, *Titchfield* cryes  
*Come over, Sir, and help us!* He complies:  
 The *Starr* moves thither! There the *Orator*  
 Continu'd charming sinful mortals for  
 To close with a sweet *Jesus*: Oh! he woo'd,  
 He Thundred: Oh! for their eternal good  
 How did he bring the *Promises*, and how  
 Did he discharge flashes of *Ebal*? Now  
 Hee held Love's *golden Scepter* out before  
 The Humble Soul; Now made the *Trumpet* roar  
 Fire, Death, and Hell against Impenitent  
 Desp'rates, untill hee made their hearts relent.

B                      There

*Præluendo  
pereo.*

There did hee merit *Sib's* Motto, *I*  
*Just like a Lamp, with lighting others dy.*  
 Ah! like a *Silk-worm*, his own bowels went  
 To serve his Hearers, while he foundly spent  
 His *Spirits* in his Labours. O but there  
 He must not dy (except *Death Civil*) Here  
 (Why may n't we Sigh it! here dark *Bartholmew*  
 This gallant and heroic *Witness* slew.  
*Silenc't* he was! not *buried* out of fight!

*Col. N.*

A worthy *Gentleman* do's him invite  
 Unto him; and like *Obadiah*, hide  
 Him, dear to them with whom he did reside,  
 Finding his *Prayers* and *Presence* to produce  
 An *Obed-Edom's* blessing on the House.  
 A *Spirit of great Life from God* do's enter  
 Within a while into him: Hee do's venture  
 To *stand upon his feet*: Hee prophesy's;  
 And to a *Congregation Preacher* is,  
 Join'd with a loving *Colleague*; who will not  
 Be buried, till *Symmons* be forgot.

But our *New-England-Cambridge* wants him, and  
 Sighs, "Of my *Sons* none takes me by the hand,  
 "Now *Mitchel's* gone! Oh! where's his parallel?  
 "Call my Child *Urian*! Friendly Strangers tell  
 "An *OAKE* of my own breed in *England* is,  
 "That will support mee Pillar-like; and this  
 "Must be resolv'd; I'll *Pray* and *Send*! Agreed!  
 Messengers go! and calling *Council*, speed!

The

The good *Stork* over the *Atlantic* came  
To nourish and cherish his Aged *Dam*.

Welcome! great Prophet! to *New-England* shore!  
Thy *feet* are *beautiful*! A number more  
Of Men like thee with us would make us say,  
The *Moral* of *More's* fam'd *Utopia*  
Is in *New-England*! yea, (far greater!) wee  
Should think wee *Twisse's* *gues*s accomplisht fee,  
*When New Jerusalem comes down, the Seat*  
*Of it, the wast America will bee 't.*

*Cambridge*! thy Neighbours must congratulate  
Thy Fate! Oh! where can thy *Triumvirate*  
Meet with its Mate? A *Shepard*! *Mitchel*! then  
An *Oakes*! These *Chrysofoms*, these *golden Men*,  
Have made thy *golden Age*! That fate is thine  
(*To bee blest with the Sun's perpetual Shine*)  
What *Sylvius* saies of *Rhodes*. Sure thou mayst call  
Thy Name *Capernaum*! But oh! the *fall*  
Of that enlightened Place wee 'l humbly pray  
Dear Lord! Keep *Cambridge* from it! ———  
But Quill! where fly'st thou? Let the Reader know  
*Cambridge* some years could this brite *Jewel* show,  
Yet here a *Quartane Ague* does arrest  
The Churches Comfort, & the Countryes Rest.  
But this (Praise Mercy) found some *Ague-frighter*,  
Hee mends, and his Infirmary grows lighter,  
Ev'n that his dear *Orestes* smil'd, *So small*  
*Your Illness, you 'd as good have none at all.*

B2

Well

Mr. Charles  
Chauncey  
B. D.

Well! the poor Colledge faints! *Harvard* almost  
(An *Amnesty* cries'*sk*!) gives up the ghost!  
The *branches* dwindle! But an *OAK* so near  
May cherish them! 'T was done! The gloomy fear  
Of a *lost Colledge* was dispell'd! The Place,  
The Learning, the Discretion, and the Grace  
Of that *great Charles*, who long since slept & dy'd  
Lov'd, and Lamented, worthy *Oakes* supply'd.  
His *Nurse* he *suckles*; and the *Ocean* now  
Refunds what th' *Earth* in *Rivers* did bestow.  
*Pro Tempore* (a sad *Prolepsis*) was  
For a long time his *Title*; but just as  
Wee had obtain'd a long'd for Alteration,  
And fixt him in the *President's* firm Station,  
The wrath of the Eternal wields a blow  
At which my Pen is gasted! — — —  
— — — — — (and Try!  
But Up! — Lord! wee're undone! — Nay! Up!  
Heart! Vent thy *grief*! Ease *Sorrow* with a *Sigh*!  
Lett's hear the matter! Write *de Tristibus*!  
Alas! Enough! — *Death hath bereaved us*!  
The *Earth* was parch't with horrid *heat*: We fea'rd  
The *blasts* of a *Vast Comet's flaming Beard*.  
The dreadful *Fire* of Heaven inflames the *blood*  
Of our *Elijah*' carrying him to God.  
Innumerable *Sudden Deaths* abound!  
Our *OAKES* a *Sudden blow* laid on the ground,  
And gives him blessed *Capel's* wish, which the  
*Letany* prays 'gainst, *To dy Suddenlie*.

The

The Saints hope to have the *Lord's Table* spread;  
 But with astonishment they find him *dead*  
 That us'd to *break the Bread of Life*: O wee  
 Deprived of our *Ministers* often bee  
 At such a *Season*. Lord, thy Manna low  
 In our blind Eyes we fear is wont to go!

The *Man of God* at the first *Touch* do's feel  
 [With a *Præ sage*] his Call to Heavens weal;  
 Hee fits himself for his *last Conflict*; Saw  
 The ghastly *King of Terrors* Icy claw;  
 Ready to grapple with him; then he gives  
 A Look to him who *dy'd and ever lives*;  
 The great *Redeemer* do's *disarm* the *Snake*;  
 And by the Hand his faithful *Servant* take,  
 Leading him thorow *Death's black Valley*, till  
 Hee brings him in his arms to *Zion's Hill*.

*Fall'n Pillar of the Church!* This Thy *Translation* *Hinc ille  
Lachryma!*  
 Has turn'd our Joyes into this *Lamentation*!

Sweet Soul! Disdaining any more to *trade*  
 With *fleshly Organs*, that a *Prison* made,  
 Thou 'rt flown into the *World of Souls*, and wee  
 Poor, stupid Mortals lose thy Companie.  
 Thou join'ft in Confort with the Happy *gone*,  
 Who (happ'er than *Servants of Solomon*)

Are standing round the Lamb's illustrious Throne \*  
 Conversing with great *Isr'el's-Holy-One*.

Now could I with good old *Grynaus* \* say  
 "Oh! that will be a bright and gloriose Day,

"When I to that Assembly come; and am

"Gone from a world of guilt, filth, sorrow, shame!

I read

*O felicem  
 Diem! quum ad  
 illud Animarum  
 Concilium pro-  
 ficiscar; et ex  
 hac Turba, &  
 Colluvione dis-  
 cedam.*

I read how Swan-like *Cotton* joy'd in Thought,  
 That unto *Dod*, and such he should be brought.  
 How *Bullinger* deaths grim looks could not fright  
 Because twould bring him to the *Patriarchs* Sight  
 (Well might it be so! *Heathen Socrates*  
 In hopes of *Homer*, Death undaunted fees.)  
 Who knows but the Third Heaven may sweeter be  
 Thou *Citizen* of it! (dear *Oakes*!) for thee?  
 Sure what of *Calvin Beza* said; and what  
 Of thy forerunner *Mitchel*, *Mather* wrote,  
 I'le truly add, *Now Oakes is dead, to mee*  
*Life will less sweet and Death less bitter bee.*  
 Lord! Lett us follow!—— ——— ——— ———

Nay! Then, Good Reader! Thou and I must try  
 To *Tread* his *Steps*! Hee walk't *Exemplar'ly*!  
*Plato* would have none to be prais'd, but those  
 Whose *Praises profitable* wee suppose:  
 Oh! that I had a *ready Writer's Pen*,  
 (If not *Briareus hundred Hands*!) and then  
 I might limn forth a *Pattern*. Ah! his own  
 Fine *Tongue* can his *own worth Describe* alone  
 That's it I want; and poor I! Shan't I show  
 Like the man, whom *an Hero hired to*  
*Forbear his Verses on him*! Yet a *lame*  
*Mephibosheth* will scape a *David's* blame.

*Vid. Cic. pro*  
*Archia Poeta.*

Well! Reader! Wipe thine Eyes! & see the *Man*  
 (Almost too *small* a word!) which *Cambridge* can  
 Say

Say, I have lost! In *Name a Drusus*,  
 And *Nature* too! yea a compendious  
 Both *Magazine of worth*, and Follower  
 Of all that ever great and famous were.  
 { A great Soul in a little Body. (Add!  
 In a small *Nutshell* Graces *Iliad*.)  
 How many *Angels* on a Needle's point  
 Can stand, is thought, perhaps, a *needle's Point*:  
*Oakes* Vertues too I'me at a loss to tell:  
 In short, *Hee was New-England's* t *SAMUEL*;  
 And had as many gallant Propertyes  
 As ere an *Oak* had *Leaves*; or *Argus Eyes*. }  
 A better *Christian* would a *miracle*  
 Be thought! From most he bore away the *Bell*!  
*Grace* and good *Nature* were so purely mett  
 In him, wee saw in *Gold* a *Jewel* sett.  
 His very *Name* spake *Heavenly*; and Hee  
*Vir sui Nominis* would alwayes bee.  
 For a Converse with God; and holy frame,  
 A *Noah*, and an *Enoch* hee became.  
*Urian* and *George* are Names æquivalent;  
 Wee had *Saint George*, though other Places han't.  
 Should I say more, like him that would extol  
 Huge *Hercules*, my Reader 'l on me fall  
 With such a check; *Who does dispraise him?* I  
 Shall say enough, if his *Humility*  
 Might be described. Witty *Austin* meant  
 This the *First*, *Second*, and *Third* Ornament,  
 Of a Right Soul, should be esteem'd. And so  
 Our *Second Moses*,\* *Humble Dod*, cry'd, *Know*

t See the Paral-  
 lel in Mr. Ma-  
 ther's *Epistle*  
 before a late  
 Sermon of  
 Mr. Oakes.

Urianus,  
 quasi  
 Ouparius.

\* So filed by  
 Mr.  
 Burroughs.

*Just*



*Just as Humility mens Grace will bee,  
And so much Grace so much Humilitie.  
Ah! gracioſe Oakes, wee ſaw thee ſtoop; wee ſaw  
In thee the Moral of good Nature's Law,  
That the full Ears of Corn ſhould bend, and grow  
Down to the ground: Worth would fit alwayes low.*

And for a *Gospel Miniſter*, wee had  
In him a *Pattern* for our *Tyro's*; Sad!  
*Their Head is gone*: Who ever knew a greater  
*Student* and *Scholar*? or beheld a better  
*Preacher* and *Præſident*? Wee look't on him  
As *Jerom* in our (Hungry) *Bethlehem*;  
A perfect *Critic* in *Philology*;  
And in *Theology* a *Canaan's Spy*.  
His *Gen'ral Learning* had no fewer *Parts*  
Than the *Encyclopædia of Arts*:

*Aliquis in Om-  
nibus, Nullus  
in Singulis.*

The old Say, *Hee that ſomething is in all,  
Nothing's in any*; Now goes to the wall.  
But when the *Pulpit* had him! there hee ſpent  
Himſelf as in his onely *Element*:  
And there hee was an *Orpheus*: Hee 'd e'en draw  
The *Stones*, and *Trees*: *Auſtin* cryes, *If I ſaw  
Paul in the Pulpit, of my Three Deſires  
None of the leaſt (to which my Soul aſpires)  
Would gratify'd and granted bee.* Hee might  
Have come and ſeen't, when *OAKES* gave  
(*Cambridge Light.*)

*Oakes* an *Uncomfortable Preacher* was  
I muſt confeſs! Hee made us cry, *Alaſs*!  
In ſad *Deſpair*! Of what? Of *ever ſeeing  
A better Preacher while wee have a beeing.*

*Hee*

*Hee!* oh! *Hee* was, in *Doctrine, Life,* and all  
*Angelical,* and *Evangelical.*  
*A Benedict* and *Boniface* to boot,  
 Commending of the *Tree* by noble *Fruit.*  
 All said, Our *Oakes* the *Double Power* has  
 Of *Boanerges,* and of *Barnabas:*  
*Hee* is a *Christian Nestor!* Oh! that wee }  
 Might him among us for *three Ages* fee! }  
 But ah! *Hee* 's gone to *Sinus Abrahæ.*  
 What shall I say? Never did any spitt  
*Gall* at this *Gall-lefs, Guile-lefs Dove;* nor yet  
 Did any *Envy* with a cankred breath  
 Blaſt him: It was I 'me ſure the gen'ral Faith,  
*Lett Oakes Bee, Say,* or *Do* what e're he wou'd,  
 If it were *OAKES,* it muſt be *wiſe, true, good.*  
 Except the *Sect'ryes Hammer* might a blow  
 Or two, receive from *Anabaptiſts,* who  
 Never lov'd any Man, that wrote a Line  
 Their naught, Church-rending Cauſe to under-  
 Yett after my *Encomiaſtick Ink* (mine.  
 Is all run out, I muſt conclude (I think)  
 With a *Dicebam,* not a *Dixi!* Yea,  
 Such a courſe will exceeding proper bee:  
 The *Jews,* whene're they build an *House,* do leave  
 Some *part Imperfect,* as a call to *grieve*  
 For their *deſtroy'd Jeruſ'lem!* I 'le do ſo!  
 I do 't! —————

And now let *fable Cambridge* broach her Tears!  
 (They *forfeit* their own *Eyes* that don't; for here 's  
C
Occaſion

ANAGR.

Occasion sad enough!) Your *Sons* pray call  
 All *Ichabod*; and *Daughters, Marah*! Fall  
 Down into Sack-cloth, Duft, and Ashes! (To  
 Bee senseless Now, Friends, Now! will be to show  
 A *CRIME & BADG* of *Sin* and *Folly*!) Try  
 Your *fruitfulness* under the Ministry  
 Of that kind *Pelican*, vvho spent his *Blood*  
 To feed you! Dear *Saints*! Have ye got the Good  
 You might? And let a *Verse* too find the Men  
 Who *fly'd a Sermon*! Oh! Remember vvhen  
 Sirs! your *Ezekiel* was like unto  
 A lovely *Song of* (Bee n't deaf *Adders* you)  
 One with a pleasant *Voice*! and that could play  
 Well on an *Instrument*! And i' n't the Day,  
 The gloriose Day, to dawn (ah! yet!) wherein }  
 You are drawn from the *Egypt-graves* of *Sin* }  
 Compelled to come in? For shame come in!  
 Nay! Join you all! *Strive* with a noble *Strife*,  
 To publish both in *Print* (as vvell as *Life*)  
 Your precious Pastor's *Works*! Bring them to view  
 That vvee may *Honey* tast, as vvell as you.  
 But, Lord! What has thy *Vineyard* done, that thou  
 Command'ft the *Clouds* to rain no more? O shevv  
 Thy favour to thy *Candlestick*! Thy *Rod*  
 Hath almost broke it: Lett a *Gift of God*,  
 Or a sincerely Heaven-touch't *Israelite*  
 Become a *Teacher* in thy Peoples fight.

At last I vvith *License Poetical*  
 (Reader! and thy good leave) addrefs to all

The

The children of \*thy People! Oh! the *Name*  
 Of *Urian Oakes*, Nevv-England! does proclame ANAGR.  
*SURE I AN OAK* was to thee! Feel thy Loſs!  
 Cry, (*Why forſaken, Lord!*) Under the Croſs!  
 Learn for to *prize Survivers! Kings deſtroy*  
 The People that *Embaffadors* annoy.  
 The Counſil of God's *Herald*, and thy *Friend*,  
 [*Bee wiſe! Conſider well thy latter End!*] Mr. OAKES's  
Elect. Sermon.  
 O lay to heart! Pray to the heavenly *Lord*  
 Of th' *Harveſt*, that (according to his Word)  
 Hee vvould *thruſt forth his Labourers*: For vvhy  
 Should all thy *Glory* go, and *Beauty* dy  
 Through thy default? — — —  
 — — — Lord! from thy lofty Throne  
 Look dovvn upon thy *Heritage*! Lett none  
 Of all our *Breaches* bee unhealed! Lett  
 This dear, poor Land be our *Immanuel's* yett!  
 Lett 's bee a *Gofhen* ſtill! Reftrain the *Boar*  
 That makes *Incurſions*! Give us daily more  
 Of thy All-curing *Spirit* from on High!  
 Lett all thy *Churches* flouriſh! And ſupply  
 The almoſt *Twenty Ones*, that thy Juſt Ire  
 Has left *without Help* that their Needs require!  
 Lett not the *Colledge* droop, and dy! O Lett  
 The Fountain run! A *Doctor* give to it!  
*Mofes's* are to th' *upper Canaan* gone!  
 Lett *Joſhua's* Succeed them! goes vvhen one  
*Elijah*, raiſe *Eliſha's*! *Pauls* become (room!  
*Diffolv'd!* vvith Chriſt! Send *Tim'thees* in their  
C2                      Avert

\* This word ſtands corrected (or changed) thus : *thy*.  
 It is copied *thy* like the original text.

Avert the *Omen*, that vvhen *Teeth* apace  
 Fall out, No *new ones* should supply their place!  
 Lord! Lett us *Peace* on this our *Israel* see!  
 And still both *Hephzibah*, and *Beulah* bee!  
 Then vvill thy People *Grace*! and *Glory*! Sing,  
 And every Wood vvith *Hallelujah's* ring.

N. R.

*Vixère fortes ante Agamemnona*  
*Multi; sed illachrymabiles*  
*Urgentur ignotiq; longà*  
*Nocte; carent quia Vate sacro.* Hor.  
*Non ego cuncta meis amplecti Versibus opto.* Virg.  
 ——— *Ingens laudato Poema:*  
*Exiguum legito!* ——— ——— ——— Call.  
*Qui legis ista, tuam reprehendo, si mea laudes*  
*Omnia, Stultitiam: Si nihil, Invidiam.* Owen.  
*Non possunt, Lector, multæ emendare Lituræ*  
*Versus hos nostros: Una Litura potest.* Martial.

## Advertisement.

There is to be sold by *John Browning*, at  
 the Corner of the *Prison-Lane* next the  
 Town-House, a Sermon of the late Reverend  
 Mr. *URIAN OAKES*, preached from *Eccl. 9.*  
 11. Shewing that *Fortune* and *Chance* are infalli-  
 bly determined by God: By vvhich alone, it  
 might appear that the *Elogyes* of him are not a vain  
*Hyperbole*; but as it were, the *Eccho* of those Words  
 which his Works speak concerning Him.

# AN ELEGY

ON THE REVEREND

MR. NATHANAEL COLLINS



# AN ELEGY

ON The Much-to-be-deplored DEATH  
OF That Never-to-be-forgotten PERSON,

The Reverend  
Mr. NATHANAEL COLLINS;

Who After he had been many years a faithful  
Pastor to the Church at Middletown of  
Connecticut in New-England,  
about the Forty third year of his Age Expired;  
On 28th. 10. moneth 1684.

---

*Testor, Christianum hic de christiano vera proferre*  
Hier. Epist. Panlæ.

*Sic ocnlos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat.*

---

*Dignum laude virum nusa vetat mori.* Borar

BOSTON in NEW-ENGLAND

Printed by Richard Pierce for Obadiab Gill.  
Anno Christi 1685.





Reader;

**T**O *Lament the Dead in Verse, having been even from the Dayes of David until Now, in some sort almost as Common as Death it self, an Apology for that thing at this time is altogether superfluous: Nor have the Noblest Hands disdained to scan Potetical measures on their Fingers, tho' an Annatus has derided a Twiss for not counting that Exercise beneath him. But there seems more needful an Excuse for the meanness of this Composure, which is born before its Time from a Brain disus'd to such Performances; in which I have been so farr from the accuracy of Virgil, who having laid out eleven years upon his Æneids, after all judged them not polished enough to be published, that a few stolen hours were all I had to shape them in, and to which I could never have been drawn, if the Subject of these Rhythmes, had like the Gentleman in Thuanus upon his Death-bed, given sufficient caution That his Herse should not be burdened with bad Funeral verses. For this, my utmost Plea is, That the sense of Duty, awak-  
ened by the invitation of others hereunto, has  
produced*

To the Reader.

*produced this Rapsody, for a Censure on which,  
I appeal from Curiosity to Candour, expecting  
no Laurel on this occasion but what I merit by  
my good Affection to the Memory of a True If-  
raelite worthy to be had in Everlasting Re-  
membrance.*

*C. M.*

( 1 )

*FUNERAL-TEARS*

At the Grave of The much *Desired*  
And *Lamented*

*Mr. NATHANEEL COLLINS?*

Who changed Death for *LIFE*,  
*December 28. 1684.*

---

— But shall he unobserved steal away?  
Or *Israel* not afford an *hand* to lay (a)  
An Evil-boding *Death* to *heart*? no Son  
Of All the Prophets when *Elijah's* gone  
Look after him?

*Forbid this, Heaven! Show*  
*On a bereaved Clod of Earth a pow'r*  
*To yield a spire of grafs (b) whereon may grow*  
*The Name of COLLINS, help a verse to show*  
*His Vertues, as that Flock acknowledged*  
*Their Doe (c) when to the Spicy Mountains fled.*  
*Assist mee, thou who hast engag'd the Just*  
*A Memory, (d) to whom the precious dust*  
*Of Saints Dissolv'd remains united! - - -*

I SIGH the *Fate* for which our broached eyes  
Spend floods of *brine*; at which a dire surprize  
Of a foul-chilling horror doth invade  
The *Soul* not *stone* before; at which are made  
In serious minds as many *wounds* as were  
To *Cæsar* (e) given. Reader, shake to hear;

The

(a) *Isai. 57. 1.* (b) *allusion to the poetical fancy*  
*of Ajax* (c) *Dorcas, Act. 9. 39.* (d) *Psa. 112. 6.*  
(e) *whom the Roman conspirators \**

[NOTE. \* Only the upper part of this last line is discernible. The page has the appearance of having been mutilated and pieced down in some way with other paper. — “whom the Roman conspirators” is easily deciphered. — “flew with” is also quite evident. The next word (or number?) is illegible. The last word is without doubt “wounds.”]

*The DEATH of COLLINS tis.* He dead without  
 A *Paper* winding sheet to lay him out !  
 A flame. O that *Egyptian Odours*, and  
*Embalmers* too (f) were now at my command !  
 I want them. But *Hyperboles* withdraw,  
 Be gone *Licentious Poets*. What I saw  
 On this occasion let some countrey Rymes  
 That call a Spade a *Spade*, tell after-Times.

DEPRIV'D of *Charrets* & of *Horfmen* too, (g)  
 I on the wings of *Contemplation* flew ;  
 Into the howling *desart* thus I went,  
 The *cut-off garden* (h) where our *David* sent  
 His *sheep* to feed and fold, from which he drave  
 The Rav'nous *Tigre-brood*, in which he gave  
 His herds a *Rest at noon*. (i) On *Jordans Banks*  
 I meant to sit with *Thoughts* on this and *Thanks*.  
 But there found I an *Elect Lady*, (k) There  
 Grov'ling in *Ashes*, with dishev'led hair,  
 Smiting her breast, *black'd* with a *mourning drefs*,  
 Resembling mother *Sion in distrefs* ; (l)  
 Or like a *Rachel* in a *Bethl'em* plight, (m)  
 But with a *Beauty* glittering too, that might  
 The Features show that *Judah's preaching King*  
 Much did once in his machless Raptures sing ; (n)

I

(f) *Gen.* 50. 2. (g) *all. to 2. King.* 2. 12.  
 (h) *so some render* the Garden of Nuts, *Cant.*  
 6. 11. *in a phrase very accommodable to America.*  
 (i) *Cant.* 1. 7. (k) *some (tho' groundlessly*  
*though)* suppose a Church intended by that name in  
 2. *Joh.* 1. (l) *all. to the figure thereof in B. K's ingeni-*  
*us poem.* (m) *Mat.* 2, 18. (n) *viz. the Canticles.*

(3)

I found her. There amaz'd, into a *Tree* (o)  
Almost transform'd with passion : *Sympathie*  
Produced this Enquiry, *Who I wonder,*  
*Seems Sorrow's Center, Sorrow's Essence yonder?*  
Lo, I no sooner had approach'd near,  
Then from above this voice did thunder ; *Here*  
*Pitty, the Church of Middletown bespeaks*  
*Set in the midst of swoons and sobs and shrieks.*  
With Bowells full of it I haſtned to  
The *Wet place*, asking *Why ſhe grieved ſo* ;  
And had this Answer.

Sir, *Ask* you this ? Are you a Sojourner  
Within *New-Englands* bounds & know not *why* ?  
I've loſt great *COLLINS*, man ! O that, O there,  
From *this Tears-Fountain* (p) is my miſery.

Immortal *COLLINS* ! what a *Charm* is in  
So dear a *Name* ? 'Tis *Honey* mixt with *gall*  
To think, I *had* him, but I *miſs* him ; Seen  
He *was*, ſad word ! (q) but ſo *no* more *he ſhall*.

My *Love* is Talkative : tis fit that I  
Thus vent my *ſmother'd Fire*. The *Rabbins* ſay  
That when good old *Methuſela* did dye,  
His Wife *nine husbands* loſt in him that day.

Like *Looſer* I will *ſpeak* : The *Lamentation*  
Over Jeruſ'lems *Woe* doth ſuit me well,  
*A Widow how is ſhe become* ! || Privation  
Seems now to be my only *Principle*.

\* One

(o) *all. to ſuch a metamorphoſis celebrated in Ovid.*  
(p.) *Hinc illæ lacrymæ.* (q) *ſuimus Troes.* || *Lam. i. i.*

( 4 )

Once did I *prife*, I'l now *praise* what I had.

The *box* of his Fames *Oyntment* \* now shall fend  
Abroad its Odours. *Alexander* † dead  
Had not the *fcent* which doth from him ascend.

Some *Elogyes* compose to try their Wits ;

The *Gout*, (r) the *Feavour*, || yea & *Injustice*, (s)  
*Folly* (t) and *Poverty* [u] have in the Fits  
Of Ranting Writers had a *comelinefs*.

My *Theme*, my *Humour* is not fuch an one :

Who to prove *Cicero* not eloquent,  
Pen'd Books, (x) who *truth* & *worth* for *guards* dif-  
Such only count *Collins* not excellent. (own

Bright COLLINS, Star of the *first Magnitude*,

Extol him how could I ! I sha'n't be chid  
If as much time on him my *gazes* thou'd  
Spend, as that *Greek* (y) in 's *Panegyric* did.

O that *Apelles* were my fervant now

To *limn* this *Hero*, but his utmost *All*  
Would blufh, and draw a *vail* upon the Brow (z)  
Below whose *Majefty* his *skill* would fall.

I.

\* *Ecclef.* 7. 1. † *from whose corpf* 'tis said there  
went a fmell *furprizingly fragrant*. (r) *praised by*  
*Pichennerus*, || *praised by Huttenus*, (s) *praised by*  
*Glaucus*, [t] *praised by Erasmus*, [u] *praised by*  
*Pierius*, *all in fet poems, or orations*. (x) *as once*  
*an humourfome perfon did*. (y) *Socrates, who*  
*fpent 15 year in framing of one Panegyric, one ora-*  
*tion*. (z) *as that painter did upon his Minerva's*.

(5)

I would that you, my Friend, each *drop* of Ink  
Could fill with *Elogyes* no fewer then  
The little *eels* \* that may swim in't : I think  
They all should celebrate this *Flow'r of men*.

I would too that each *syllable* all round  
This Globe with *perfum'd Air* might fly about ;  
Or your *Stentorophonic Tube* † might sound  
The praise of admirable *Collins* out.

*Death*, thou *All-biting* † *Prodigall*, a blow  
Of thine hath laid *within* the ground a plant  
Surpassing *Cedars*. I did hardly know  
A *spice* whose quantity on *it* was scant.

Good *Nature* and good *Education* were  
In him conjoyn'd to such an high degree,  
As gain'd the Title of that || *Emperour*,  
In this rare soul *Mankinds delight* we see.

Facetious *Snow-balls* from his *candid* breast  
With *early Magic* hence would captivate  
His near, *Familiars*, so that he was blest  
Who could have leave to be his Intimate.

Hence from his Cradle clothes his neat *discretion*,  
Mounted upon bridled *Urbanity*,  
Before a most obliging *Disposition*,  
Triumphant rode in ev'ry *Company*.

But

\* of which I can with my Microscope see incredible  
hundreds playing about in one drop of water. † which  
speaking-Trumpet may be heard a vast way off.  
† all. to j Acrost. of Mors Mordens Omnia Restro Suo  
|| Tit. Vesp. who was termed, *Deliciæ humani generis*.



(6)

But Oh the *fruits* of Heav'nly *Graces* dew  
Upon so rich a *soyl*! Let *Peter* bid  
His *Brethren* add one *graces pearl* unto  
The \* rest: The whole *heap* was in *Collins* hid.

You 'd scarce believe the FAITH residing in  
This Child of *Abraham*, the strong Impression  
On his heart of *Realities* unseen, ||  
Of *Gospel glories*, of things past expression:

How dearest to him his *Redeemer*; how  
With brave *Ignatius* † he could warble out  
O *Christ my Love*; how we might e'en allow  
A *JESUS* grav'd ¶ within his breast no doubt.

His VERTUE took this *sister* by the hand;  
And with her *train* accompanied thus,  
In *vert'ous flights* he went - - - how much beyond  
An *Aristides*; \* \* or a *Regulus*!

For KNOWLEDGE, tho in him poor *Harvard* lost  
One of her *tallest sons*, one of the best  
*Souldiers* in her *Minerva's* Camp, my boast  
Of *higher Wisdom* in him i'n't the least.

My *Moses*, he in *Egypt's Learning* vers'd ††  
Had more then *that*; Accomplishments *Divine*  
In exercise of which, while he convers'd  
With *Israels Jah*, to us his face did shine. † ||  
Yare

\* *v. the glorious catalogue* 2. *Pet.* 1. 5-7. || 2. *cor.* 4  
18. † *whose saying often was, Amor meus est crucifixus*  
¶ *which is grossly and fabulously reported of another.*  
\* \* *two glories of the beathen, the one for Justice, the*  
*other for Fidelity.* †† *Act.* 7. 22. † || *Exod.* 34. 35.

(7)

Yare at his GRAMMAR, kenning *how* and *when*  
To speak : his *tongue* a \* *tree of life*, no (drofs  
Proceeding from this *Chrysoftom* || †) the *penn*  
Of *Ready* writers like, not *barbarous*.

How *lofty* in his RHET'RIC, when with cries  
To the Omnipotent reduc'd to say ¶  
*Let me alone*, thereby he scal'd the Skyes,  
And with the *old* † *Artill'ry* got the day.

In the best LOGIC, Oh how *Rational* !  
How able to spy *Canaan* through ! how ready  
To baffle a *Temptation* ! and withal  
Full of his *Oracles* found, solid, steady !

How right was his ARITHMETIC that knew  
*Wisely* to measure his own || *dayes* ! How right  
Was his GEOMETRY, that found the true  
Bulk of the *earth* ! a point \*<sub>\*</sub> not worth the *fight*.

In his ASTRONOMY how ripe his eye  
Reaching to things beyond the *stars* ! Always  
Exact in this *no-vain* ¶ ¶ PHILOSOPHY,  
That in all things he found his *Makers* || || *praise*.  
Master

\* *Prov.* 15. 4. || † *golden mouth*. ¶ as in *Exod.* 32.  
10. *feriendi licentiam petit a Moſe qui fecit Moſen.* † *preces et lacrymæ ſunt Arma Eccleſiæ.* || *Pſa.*  
90. 12. \*<sub>\*</sub> and an invifible point no doubt would it  
be to an humane eye in the ſtarry Heaven, tho it  
probably contains above Ten Thousand Millions of  
cubic German leagues. ¶ ¶ as ſome other Philoſo-  
phy is call'd in *Col.* 2. 8. || || *preſentem docuit*  
*quælibet herba Deum.*

*Master* of all the *Arts* that shew us what  
 Tis from each *Bad* unto each *Good* to goe;  
 To all his *Knowledge* last subjoyning *that*, +  
*All that I know is, that I nothing know.*

For *TEMPERANCE*, he liv'd upon it, hee  
 Like *Hooper* spar'd much in his *diet*, more  
 In 's *speech*, but most in *Time*; the hateful *Three*  
 || *Fly-gods* o' th' world mean while he car'd not for.

To *Meat* a \* *Daniel*; and a *Rechabite* ¶  
 To *Drink*; like a *John Baptist* † in his *Rayment*;  
 His *sleep*, like *David*, ‡ robbing in the *Night*;  
 Still putting *Nature* off with *scanty payment*.

*Abstemious* in all things at such a rate,  
 Some (like *Eliza* → in her *Brothers* eyes,  
 Him *Brother Temperance* could denominate.  
 And *Justice* caus'd what e'er lookt otherwise.

For *PATIENCE* whole *beds* and *loads* of it  
 In his soul flourish'd. What *Affliction* meant  
 He felt as much as most do *talk*, and yet  
*Groans* might from him, but *Grumbles* \* || ne're  
 (be sent.

+ *Socrates* his *Hoc tantum scio, me nihil scire.* || the  
*Pleasures, and Profits & Honours of the world, be-*  
*come the 3 Belzebubs of it, according to the Distich*  
*Ambitiosus honos et opes et fœda voluptas,*

*Hæc tria pro trino Numine mundus habet.*

\* *Dan.* 1. 12. ¶ *Jer.* 35. 6. † *Mat.* 3. 4. ‡ *Psa.*  
 119. 62. → *K. Edw.* vi. us'd to call the *Princess*  
*Elizabeth, his Sister Temperance.* \* || *It was the*  
*sentence of a great Saint under great pain, I groan*  
*but do not grumble.*

(9)

And under *Provocation*, 't was a care  
By him maintaind to *smile Affronts away*.  
Not firing when meer *Cock-boats* landed are;  
Seldom decoy'd from his mild *Yea*, or *Nay*.

No Brother of \* *Achilles*; like unto  
The *Upper Regions* free from Tempests; full  
Of the *doves temper*: Able for to go  
Over an *Alphabet*, ¶ tho *Anger* pull.

His GODLINESS *steer'd* || all his motions still:  
God had his *thrice-hot* † *love*, his life, his Whole:  
Gods *Honour* was his *End*, and in the *Will*  
Of God he *moulded* ‡ his renewed soul.

His sev'rall *Turns* on a Religious *threed*  
He fought to string: fixing that *Motto* on  
What signal he in both his *Callings* did,  
With much devotion, *Lord* + *for thee alone*.  
How

\* *whom* Homer *so often represents in fumes*.  
¶ *as was wont to do the Renowned Roman Empe-*  
*rour. || allusion to Sola fit humanæ pietas cyno-*  
*fura carinæ. † Amo te, Domine, plusquam meos,*  
*plusquam mea, plusquam me. Bern. ‡ all. to*  
*Rom. 6. 17. gr. + as be, Propter te, Do-*  
*mine, propter te.*

How *James-like* were his || *Pray'rs*, how did the word  
 Of Life, his heart *Christ's* ¶ *Library* affect !  
 What God-ward flames did his *pure* \* *mind* afford,  
 Of any *Ord'nance* dreading a Neglect !

BROTHERLY-KINDNESS did procure the

[*Law*

*Of Kindness in his* † *lips*, a Denison  
 Of *Philadelphia* [*a*] in him we saw ;  
 Heir to the soul of the Apostle [*b*] *John*.

A *Zuinglian* entire that ever said [*c*]  
*Let me see Christ in any one, I shall*  
*Him with both Arms embrace.* Whatever made  
*Distinctions*, this with him removed all.

And CHARITY in him *warm Beams* extended  
 To all the Race of Man ; *Philanthropy*  
 Him like a *shadow* everywhere attended ;  
*COLLINS made up of Love*, we us'd to cry.

An

|| of whom *Ecclesiastical History* relates, that his hard-  
 ened knees wore the Badges of his hard prayers.  
 ¶ as *Jerome* remarkt of his friend *Nepotian*. \* *Ani-*  
*ma justi Cælum est.* † *prov.* 31. 26. [*a*] which name  
 signifies brotherly love. [*b*] *Heb.* 13. 1. *gr.*  
 [*b*] of whom tis said that when through age he could  
 do no more, he would give that short Lesson for a long  
 Sermon to his congregation, my Children, love one  
 another. [*c*] a *savory speech* recorded of the famous  
*Zuinglius*.

An *Injury* seldom relenting more  
Than *Cranmer* or the *Martyrologer* \*  
Who urn'd his *Albes*, of whom tis notour,  
Of good, for ill, Turns from them sure you were.

In fine, as the ¶ *Philosopher* did give  
His friend advice, *suppose* a *Cato's eye*  
On you, and so be wise; when I would live  
Uprightly, I'd imagine *COLLINS* by.

Thus was he for a *Christian*, and thus he  
With Conversation *lightned*, every *Deed*  
Of his in print a *Sermon* yeeldeth mee : ||  
But now what as a *Minister* you'l heed.

Methinks I see how fraught the *Pulpit* was  
Of Grace, of Gravity, of Wisdom, when  
With most harmonious notes a *Barnabas*  
He now was, and a *Boanerges* then :

How deep his Sermons were, where *Elephants*  
Might take content, and yet withal how plain,  
Suited unto the *leather Dublet's* Wants.  
All in a near unimitable Strain :

What

\* *Holy Mr. Fox.* ¶ *Seneca.*

|| Ille pius pastor, quo non prestantior unus,  
Qui faciendo docet, quæ facienda docet.

What *undast* † *wine* he gave me : what a *Zeal*  
 For me consum'd him : how *material*  
 He was in *Dispensations* aim'd to heal  
 Distempers in me, yet how *Spiritual* :

He like an *Ox* \* was alwaies labouring  
 To feed me, but he like an *Eagle* \* too  
 Did soar to *Pisgah's* Top, from thence to bring  
 Celestial *Visions* pore-blind us unto.

One is a *Doctor* most ¶ *Invincible*  
 Another most + *Profound*, a Third is counted  
 A *Subtil* → one ; (Scholastic Records tell)  
 A Fourth † *Angelical* by none surmounted :

*COLLINS* was *all* of this. The noble ; ! *Three*  
*Geneva* Crowns, enlightning *Calvin*, and  
 The thundring *Farel* join'd auspiciouſlie'  
 With ſhowering *Viret*, here in one did ſtand.

For *Memory* almoſt a *Seneca*, || ||  
 For *Judgment* and *Fancy* inferior  
 To few : in Learning rich, and ev'ry way  
 He was a *furniſht* Goſpel-Orator.

How

† *all.* to 2. Cor. 2. 17. gr. \*\* *all.* to thoſe 2 creatures  
 in Rev. 4. 7. whereof by the former ſome will have the  
 Paſtor, & by the latter the Teacher of a Church to  
 be meant. ¶ ſo Alexander Hales. + ſo Bradwar-  
 dine. → ſo Scotus. † ſo Aquinas. ! ; thus diſ-  
 tinguiſhed in an Epigram of Beza's |||| *whoſe*  
*tenacious Memory is to all Ages memorable.*

How many \* *Lydian*-hearts reputed him  
 A || *Claviger*, by him *unlockt*? To us  
 For *Light* giv'n to our *House* how much Esteem  
 He had as an † *Occolampadius*!

To save poor me and mine, Oh how *severe* †  
 His *Labours* were! how lasting his Renown  
 Must to my *Offspring* be, *Once* (saying) *were*  
*Doves eyes within the Locks of* + Middletown!

My *Neighbourhood* shar'd with me too; he gave  
 Some *Spirit* unto them: and then his → *Haven*  
 He chose: So on the *Day* || \* we us'd to have  
*Heaven* from him, from us he flew to *Heaven*.

The Age of *Perkins* \* just attaind, he thought  
 It time to follow him. But *Why so fast*?  
 The *cause* you know that of *such things* is brought  
 Belong'd to him, *he only grew too fast*. ¶

More

\* *all. to Act. 16. 14. || an excellent Divine, the English of whose Name seems to be Key-carrier: † another, whose Name in likelihood was House-Lamp. † observing the Motto of the Emperour Severus, which was LABOREMUS. + all. to Cant. 4. 1. where by those expressions some understand Christian Teachers surrounded with their believing Hearers. → One of his last Services was that he assisted in a Day of Prayer at New-Haven, immediately on which he sickned. || \* He died on a Sabbath Day about the beginning of the Morning Exercise. \*\* about 44.*

¶ *Immodicis brevis est ætas et rara senectus.*



More would I say but Heart-corroding *Anguish*  
 Layes that check on me, *you have lost him now*.  
 Broken with thy big Lofs dear Friend, I languish :  
*Hence* would my *Tears* more than my *River* flow.

Now in *Micaiahs* Trance \* I seem to see  
 For *Food* on mountains, wandring Shepherdless,  
 And Shiftless rambling, what belongs to me.  
 Waft *Park* of mine that now no *Keeper* has !

*Lord*, is my *Night* come shall *Impenitent*  
 Transgressours now continue *so* ? Shall it  
 Upon my *Meeting-House*, while men repent,  
*This and that man born here* || no more be writ ?

Shall a forsaken now *Society*  
 Without its *Head*, its *Heart*, its *Eyes* remain ?  
 And like *Isaiah's* woful *Vineyard* ly (a)  
 With with'ring *Grapes* abandon'd by the *Rain* ?

O Ghastly *Omens* ! if *Paræus* dy  
 Let *Heidleberge* look to't. If *Austin* go  
 Let *Hippo* tremble. If *Elisba* fly (b)  
 After his Master, *next year* brings a wo

I

\* 1. *King.* 22. 17. || allusion to *Psal.* 87. 5.  
 [a] all. to *Isai.* 5. [b] 2. *King.* 15. 20.  
 'Tis one of the Jewish Oracles, Quando Luminaria patiuntur Eclipsin, malum est signum mundo.

( 15 )

I fear of both sorts now [c] *Mortalities*,  
Of *Famines* too I fear the [d] worst, I fear  
The *Gallop* of no less Calamities  
Then can be wrap'd in a pale *Comets* Hair.

Amidst these hideous *Frights* perplex, I mourn  
With *Incoherent* Throbs you see. Now tell me  
Whether it be not *just* that thus forlorn  
I here bewail this that has late befel me.

SHE said; Her heavy words were hardly out  
When, as one *planet-struck*, a doleful shout  
Of the surviving *COLLINSes* detain'd  
Me from *Replies* to what had been complain'd.  
To fill the *Stage* there seem'd to throng a croud  
Of his *Relations* to us. First aloud  
His Aged *Parents* with drench'd Hankerchiefs  
*Saw* and *had* cause thus to proclaim their Grievs:

*A Son, our Staff and || Stork; (said they) A Son,*  
*Our Benjamin, Alas, must he be gone*  
*To his Long-Home before us? Heaven more*  
*May now be Heaven to us than before.*

*Farewel*

[c] *Some have observed, that the Death of a*  
*faithful Minister in a place where he hath done*  
*God much service, is oft attended with a great*  
*Mortality among other persons in that place.*  
*I. Collins. Elijabs Lamentation. p. 18. [d] See Amos*  
*8. 11. || A Bird fam'd for its regard to its Dam.*

*Farewel, thou world of \* Dirt ; we meekly wait  
 But for a || Call too. This deplored : Straight  
 His Brethren not as a † Jehoia kim  
 But as a ‡ Jonathan, bemoaned him,  
 With this, We live to see the Joseph die,  
 Whom we thought born for our Adversity !*

*His Widdow then, (the tender Whiting swam  
 Thro' the Black + sea of Death to us) I came  
 (Said She) to bear a part with you. But I  
 Must in deep Silence do't. That ev'ry Sigh  
 Of mine--- O that it Marbles might erect  
 To him, for lack of whom I'm thus deject.*

*And then his Orphans, all enabled add  
 O could we say --- that once a Father had,  
 A Father whose paternal over-fight  
 Did make us over happy, whose Delight  
 Was in our Welfare, whose Behaviours  
 Still taught us --- Mercy ! what a Loss is our's !*

*In this Distraction mixing once again  
 A Consolation-cup ; [f] Thick Mists amain  
 About us gathering ; a Murmur there  
 Of the blest Shade himself we then might hear.  
 Fond*

*\* One of the most splendid Cities wherein, is hence ap-  
 positely term'd Lutetia. || Vitam habentes in pati-  
 entia, Mortem in desiderio. † see Jer. 22. 17.  
 ‡ v. 2. Sam. 1. 17. + all. to the Mare mortuum.  
 [f] such the Jews were wont to have at their Func-  
 rals.*

[keep

FOND *Mortals*, wipe your eyes (said he) pray  
 That *liquor* for your selves. \* poor *Envy* 'tis  
 Which prompts your *Tbrenodies* for me. To weep  
 For *my sake*, is but to Ignore *my Blifs*.

O what a world of *smoke* of *dust* of *Folly*  
 Am I *say'd* || from ! No *fin* shall me annoy,  
 And no *Temptation* more to be *unholy*  
 Shall e'er molest me in my *Masters JOY*.

I have my *Ragged Mantle* dropt; I have  
 All *Vanity* and all *Vexation* †  
 Escap'd, my *Clay* safe kept within a Grave  
*Preserv'd* lies for the *Refurrection*.

No *Crofs* (g) shall ever gall my shoulders more,  
 From *God*, correcting my *disorders*, and  
 No *Club* e're strike me, red with ancient Gore,  
 Still by each *Cain* (h) retained in his hand.

I'm got within the *Vail*, and there I see  
 The ever-glorious Face of the (i) GOD-MAN;  
 And He with *Tranports* doth convey to me  
 As much of GOD as entertain I can.

I

\* *all. to Luk. 23. 28. || all. to Phil. 1. 23. where*  
*to depart, is by some translated to loose Anchor.*  
 † *Mors Beatitudinis principium, Laborum meta,*  
*peremptoria peccatorum, Aug. (g) Christ & his*  
*Crofs part at Heavens door, for there's no room for*  
*Crosses in Heaven. Rutherf. Epist. (h) Caini*  
*adhuc clavus Abelis sanguine rubens ubique circum-*  
*fertur. Bucholtz. (i) The Heaven of Heaven*  
*pourtray'd in Job. 17. 24.*

[17 is omitted in the original.]

I *Know*, I *Live*, I *Love*; But *how*? forbear  
 To be inquisitive: It can't be told  
 To *you*; No, tho you all (k) *Hebricians* were:  
 Nor can *shell-veffels* (l) this things meaning hold.

I find besides my loving *Guardians* here,  
 Here the *Good Angels* that convey'd me thro'  
 The Divel-haunted-Dungeon-*Atmosphere*, (m)  
 To mine annex their *Hallelujahs* do.

Here, me the *Chorus* of the *glorify'd*,  
 The *polisht* (n) *stones*, now in the Temple plac,t  
 The *twice cloath'd* (o) *Souls*, salute on ev'ry fide;  
 I see *Nathaneel* (p) here, I know the reft.

Be *glad* that I am here, and after hye,  
 Your selves with diligence, all *posting* hither,  
*Precepts* and *Patterns* left, my *Counsels* eye,  
 And *Copies*, so we shall be soon together.

*Souls*, follow me. Anon the *Stars*, the *Sands*,  
 The *Atoms* of the Universe---- a *Scrol*  
 Like *Heaven* fill'd with *Nines*, for *cypher* stands,  
 Compar'd to the *Long joyes* || that over us may  
 roll.

(k) *skik'd* in the language which bold conjectures think  
 to be Heavens Dialect. (l) *all. to 2. cor. 4. 7. gr.*  
 (m) *the territories whereto the apostate troops of Lucifer*  
*seem to be confined, from eph. 2. 2.* (n) *all. to 2. cor. 5. 5*  
 (o) *all. to 2. ibid. where an upper garment of glory*  
*is engaged to the souls on which an under garment*  
*of grace is wrought with the Eternal Spirits Needle-*  
*work.* (p) *v. Job. 1. 47.* (q) *a thing rationally sung*  
*by the German Swan the night before he died. || a line*  
*purposely too long for the verse, but too short not-*  
 [original illegible] *shadow of ETERNITY.*

A *PERIOD* this puts to the *Tragædy*.  
*He* vanisht; *They* retir'd; confused *I*  
 Now quite *alone*, have nothing else to do,  
 But to pour out a short *Hofannah* to  
 The Worlds Almighty GOVERNOUR to whom  
 On this account now these *Petitions* come  
 From lifted *Hands*, and bended *Knees* - - -

*Dread Lord,*

*By whom vast Hosts of Beings with a Word*  
*Are made and mov'd: Let thy much-hop'd Salvation*  
*Shield us, like Walls from much-fear'd Desolation.*  
*O Save New-Englands Churches; Let them be*  
*Still golden Candlesticks, belov'd by thee,*  
*Still Puritans; Still Iv'ry Pallaces.*  
*Keep up the Quickset Hedge about them; Please*  
*To keep the gladfome Streams of them alive.*  
*Save Middletown, and cause the Place to thrive*  
*Vnder Fat Clouds still, and that Bochim let*  
*By thy Provision be a Bethel yet.*  
*Save ev'ry soul that reads this Elegy;*  
*Like COLLINS let us live, like COLLINS dy.*

*AMEN.*

Sic mihi contingat vivere sicque mori.

*Sic optat,*

Qui longe sequitur vestigia semper adorans.

Qualis vita, ita

FINIS.

10/11/11







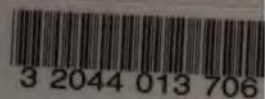






10-12-1911

10-12-1911



THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED  
AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS  
NOT RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON  
OR BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED  
BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE  
NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE  
BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.

Harvard College Widener Library  
Cambridge, MA 02138 (617) 495-2413

WIDENER  
STALL-STUDY  
MAR 11 2000  
**CHARGE**  
CANCELLED

